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PUCK ON WHEELS

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

Judge Folger will run. Throw up your hats—hurrah for the candidate of the Republican party. Judge Folger will run. Glorious news, is it not? Judge Folger will run. Yes; but how will he run? With a millstone about his neck—the pitiless weight of a disgraceful nomination. With never a backer save the vilest of party hacks. With choked throat and failing breath; with feeble heart and quivering muscles; with never a friend in the great crowd of the people; with no hope of ever winning, with an abiding fear of a strong and popular antagonist. A sorry running he will make after this fashion. And who cares? His friends have turned from him; the decent men of his party have made haste to tell the public that, honest as the man may be personally, he has made himself the ally of thieves, and that with the thieves he must suffer; and—not worst of all, perhaps; but a blow that comes nearer home—is the fact that his own colleague will not enter the race with him. And yet Judge Folger will run.

Mr. Folger is the Republican party's nominee for Governor of the State of New York. Nobody has anything to say against him, as plain Mr. Folger. He may be a whited sepulchre; but, so far as the average voter knows, his fair outside typifies an inward and spiritual grace.

Why, then, is he hopelessly handicapped in the race with a comparatively obscure Democrat from the north of the state? He is put forward by the party to which we owe the preservation of the Union. It is a party that began with a handful of fearless, friendless enthusiasts, and that has grown to be the ruling power of the country. It is a party that has within its ranks the best men of America. It is a party that has abolished slavery, carried to a successful issue a mighty war, negotiated a huge national debt at a time when the credit of the nation was at its lowest, and that is now relieving itself of this burden by a shrewd and practical system of financiering. This certainly ought to be a popular party. Its candidate for any local office ought to have a fair chance of success, even against local prejudice. Why, then, is Judge Folger practically out of the race before the start?

Because he is at once the candidate of the party and the exponent of its methods. Because the men who were bound together by the strong ties of a holy and unselfish enthusiasm have been succeeded by a pack of place-hunters, whose only bond of union is their common greed. Because every honest and intelligent voter in the State of New York knows that Judge Folger is put forward by his party, not that he may manage with dignity and high-minded impartiality the affairs of the state; but simply and solely that he may allot the patronage of the local government according to the programme laid out for him by certain politicians who are not satisfied with their "influence" at Washington. There is plain English for a plain truth. Here is more plain English—a question we have asked once or twice before: Is it not time for a New Party?

We are not disposed to enter into controversy with Mr. Ingersoll as to whether the Bible is or is not inspired, but we are ready to admit that we are very frequently indebted to it for inspiration. It will be remembered that the Israelites became very much dissatisfied with Moses's leadership, and they complained bit-

terly to the Lord and asked why they had been brought out of Egypt to die in the Wilderness? The Lord thereupon determined to punish the malcontents, and sent a large quantity of fiery serpents among them, and they bit the people, and a large number of them died in consequence. The unfortunate Israelites found they had made a mistake, and begged Moses to use his influence for the removal of the objectionable reptiles.

Moses did as was requested of him. The rest of the story is told in the words of the Bible: "And the Lord said unto Moses: 'Make thee a fiery serpent and set it upon a pole: and it shall come to pass that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live.' And Moses made a serpent of brass and put it upon a pole, and it came to pass, that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass he lived." The lesson that this story teaches is a most important one, and should be treasured by every public man. In fact, there are many of them who would add considerably to the length of their political career by keeping a steadfast gaze on the brazen serpent of Anti-Monopoly and Tariff Reform, which is entwined around the pole of Civil Service Reform which Moses Puck has set up in the political wilderness. If they will but devote their attention to these objects they may be saved, sooner or later, from a painful political death.

These prominent politicians are now engaged in the process of putting themselves out of existence by the bites of dangerous serpents of their special hobbies. For instance, it would be hard for the monumental third-termers, Grant, to scatter, voluntarily, to the winds all his ambitious aspirations, and devote what reputation and ability he has to the support of Anti-Monopoly Legislation and Civil Service Reform. Death by the fangs of the jobbery-snake would doubtless be preferable to Lord High-Admiral Robeson to casting even so much as a glance on such deadly heresies as the legends on the brazen snake; but even this gentleman ought not to pause, lest it be too late.

What a glorious and happy period it will be when the great and wise men, the heroes and chiefs among us, abandon all their political intrigues, plots and machines for things which will leave their names engraved on the tablets of posterity in letters of gold, and when they try to do a little good for their fellow-citizens, instead of devoting so much energy to the lining of their own pockets, or endeavoring to secure patronage, that their friends may draw large salaries from the people's treasury for doing next to nothing. There can be no great harm in indulging in these pleasant reveries. It is soothing to construct occasionally an aerial chateau—and this one is of the very flimsiest and gauziest character.

It would indeed have been strange if the great Brooklyn acrobat and gymnast, Mr. Talmage, had permitted the theatrical season to open without making a startling contribution to the list of attractions. Brooklyn hasn't as many theatres as New York, but it does not want them so long as the Brooklyn Tabernacle flourishes, with Mr. Talmage as its leading comedian. Keepers of gambling houses and other disreputable resorts owe this gentleman a debt of gratitude for his attacks on their nefarious occupations. Like the monkey, as pictured in our cartoon, the missiles that he throws are sport to him and profit for those who secure them.

"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS."



PRESIDENT ARTHUR:—"I am utterly ignorant and innocent of what my friends are doing in my name."

A HOWL FROM HOLLAND.

Mynheer R. R. H. toe Laer, the General Agent of the Royal Netherlands Steamship Company, has favored us with a printed circular by which the organization that pays him his salary is made to appear in a light only two or three feet lower than the angels. It will be remembered that early last Summer the "Nemesis," a steamer that had been chartered by the Royal Netherlands Company, arrived at the Port of New York from Amsterdam with a number of emigrants. Bitter complaints were made of the accommodation, treatment and food, and these were, apparently, well founded, as there were a number of deaths aboard.

There are many peculiarities about this document of General Agent R. R. H. toe Laer's, not the least of which is the queer English into which it has been translated from the original Dutch. We do not wish to administer any special castigation to the Royal Netherlands Steamship Company. The care that it takes of its steerage passengers is no better nor no worse than that of many other lines. But somehow or other the sins of all the companies have been visited on the Dutch company, and it is just as well that it should be held up as an example.

Mr. Laer's circular tells us that the accusations against the "Nemesis" "were received with a certain predisposition, and have been accepted as proven." We are further informed that "the testimonies taken by the Commissioners of Emigration are, apparently, of a more calm and just view than the declarations made by the reporters of the newspapers." Yes, these reporters are terrible fellows; they always make a point of misrepresenting things. The King of Holland and his Cabinet ought to lose no time in disciplining them.

According to the report, counting two or three children as one person, there were—just think of it!—actually "sixty-seven less than the permitted maximum." It then goes on to say that there was more space allotted to the human

freight of the "Nemesis" than was in any case due, and that the regulations "form, however, for American critics the point of view upon which they can place themselves by the appreciation of the space allotted the emigrants."

This Netherlands Steamship Company is very solicitous for the welfare of its passengers. It actually insists upon the separation of the sexes, and is quite certain that decency is never outraged on board its ships. The provisions were all examined, and "agreed completely with the severe regulations of the Netherland law thereon." That must have been about the only thing they did agree with, for they did not agree with the passengers.

Here is another specimen of the exquisite Netherlands English which ripples through these official documents like an Edam cheese rolling down a slope of the Rocky Mountains: "Of the order of baking, they selecting several from among themselves to the food." This refers to the distribution of provisions.

All these explanations by Mynheer van Dunk, Mynheer Heemskerck Veeckens and Mynheer S. W. van Ryn Van Alkemade, aided and abetted by Mynheer R. R. H. toe Laer, are not required. They will not have the effect of causing the passengers of the "Nemesis" or other vessels of the Royal Netherlands line to feel more reconciled to the treatment they experienced on board. We know, Myne Heeren, that you fit out your ships as if they were imperial yachts, and that you feed your steerage passengers on nightingales' tongues, pâté-de-foie-gras, and nectar and ambrosia, and we know also that your English, French and German rivals pursue the same policy. But still it is hard, very hard, that steerage passengers, for the price they pay, should not be treated as human beings, and get wholesome and well-cooked food decently served, and as comfortable a bed on board as Mynheer R. R. toe Laer, Sir Bache Cunard or the captain of the "Nemesis" himself—and so they could if steamship owners of all nationalities were not so grasping.

A GOOD BEGINNING.



THE INFANT HERCULES STRANGLING THE SERPENTS.

Puckings.

DEMOCRATIC UNION—Whiskey and the Irish.

A PAIR OF SLIPPERS—The orange and banana skins.

THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOULD—Cyrus W.

THE POPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY—The College of Cardinals.

WHITE MICE and chickens are now used to garnish fashionable hats. Moth decorations are still seen in fashionable last year's overcoats and trousers.

"DOES IT pay to be virtuous?" a newspaper asks. Well, it may pay; but it pays Jay Gould much better to turn his attention to other branches of industry.

IN THE defunct National Trust Company investigation Mr. Lamb said: "As one of the parties attacked, I have the right to cross-examine myself." Certainly, the same right that any man has to lift himself by the straps of his boots.

WHY is it that when a man can't go to sleep the morning never seems to arrive, and every hour seems like a day? And why is it that just as the longed-for morning dawns, and the servant raps on the door, that same man gets so sleepy that he can scarcely hold his eyes open?

MR. R. H. STODDARD has printed a poem in the *Independent*, which he calls "Liber Amoris." If the poem contained allusions to operas, caramels, ice-cream and soda-water, we suppose the poet would have been content to call his performance "Love's Pocket Book."

HEALTH JOURNALS are now asserting that to maintain a sound constitution you should lie only on the right side. The health journals may mean well enough; but what are you going to do if you are editing a Democratic paper?—*Laramie Boomerang*.

Why, lie on the left side, of course. Isn't the Democratic side always left?

IT is a well-finished and healthy-looking comet, and reflects great credit on the manufacturers. The only drawback is that you can't very well invite your girl to inspect it, and treat her to ice-cream after the show, as you could if the comet gave night exhibitions instead of such very early matinées.

NO, WE are pretty well satisfied that there is no companion to the language of flowers, known as the language of food. If there was such a book it would contain something like this: HASH—Innocence. BOARDING-HOUSE STEAK—Tender thoughts. SAUSAGE—Kiyi. BEANS—Culchah. FISH BALLS—Forget-me-not. Etc.

MR. GLADSTONE is an able man. He delivers brilliant speeches, reads Greek like English, and is one of the best scholars alive. But at the same time he jumps around and howls like an illiterate plumber when, in kicking on a tight boot, a hole in the toe of his stocking causes that valuable article to shoot way back around his ankle.

Now THE urchin, cute and sly,
Lets the rosy apple fly,
And he takes the happy farmer
In the eye.
Now the poodle's on the sigh,
For the sausage days draw nigh,
When he sees the butcher
Goes kiyi.

A FABLE ABOUT A FABLE.

No, my child, the Cow did not jump over the Moon. Neither did the Moon jump over the Cow. You must not Believe Everything your Nurse told you. The First Impressions of Childhood are very Beautiful; but it is just as well to get a new Set when you grow Up.

What is this? This is a Suburban Road. Who are these two People coming our way? They are Two Young Men. They are of the same Age. What are they doing? They are Taking a Walk. They are, in fact, Taking two Walks. Do they Know each other? No. One is a City Young Man, and the Other is a Country Young Man. Which is the City Young Man and which is the Country Young Man? One of them is Big. His Feet are Large and Heavy. He walks with a Slouch. His Shoulders are Bent. The Other Young Man is Small. He holds his Head High and keeps his Chest Out. He has Little Hands and Feet. He Walks with a Spring. The Big Young Man is the Country Young Man. The Small Young Man is the City Young Man. If you want to look at the City Young Man you must look Now. He will be Out of Sight in About Two Minutes. Where is he going? He is Taking a Little Constitutional. His Little Constitutional is Ten Miles Out and Ten Miles Back. Will the Country Young Man walk Twenty Miles? Oh, no; he will walk About a Mile. Then he will Sit on a Fence and Chew a Stick for the Rest of the Afternoon. Is the Country Young Man Angry because the City Young Man can walk better than He can? Oh, no; the Country Young Man does not care about Walking. Then why does he look so Crossly at the City Young Man? Oh, that is because the City Young Man wears Good Clothes. Does not the Country Young Man wear Good Clothes? No, he is above such Vanities. He believes in Republican Simplicity and a Bad Tailor. The City Young Man is very Spruce. He is Clean All Over and he has a nice Check Suit and a Stand-Up Collar. The Country Young man would call him a Fine Dandy. Then why does not the Country Young Man call him that? Because he does not Dare To. Why does he not Dare To? Because it would be very Unwholesome for him if he did. Would the City Young Man Hurt the Country Young Man if they should Fight? Yes, I think the City Young Man would Inconvenience the Country Young Man. But the Country Young Man is the Bigger of the Two. Oh, yes; but the City Young Man is a Member of a Militia Regiment, and he has a Big Chest for his Size; and he belongs to an Athletic Club and he has a Large Muscle in his Fore-arm. Besides, he can Box. Can the Country Young Man Box? No, and he would Scorn to Learn. Is the Country Young Man a Member of a Regiment or an Athletic Club? No, he says he has no Time for Such Nonsense. Does the Country Young Man work Harder than the City Young Man? Oh, no; he is a Farmer's Son, and he works Hard; but not So Hard as the City Young Man. The City Young Man is a Clerk in a Wholesale Dry-Goods Store. In the Busy Season he sometimes Works from Eight one Morning until One the Next. Why is the City Young Man a Better Man than the Country Young Man? Because he takes Systematic Exercise, and That gives him Muscle. Because he Grooms himself well, and That keeps him Fresh and Bright. Because he has Plenty of Amusement, and That puts Spirit into him. Because he eats Good Food, and That keeps him Healthy. Does the Country Young Man take Systematic Exercise? No, and he Slouches over his Work. Does he Groom himself well? No, he thinks it is Frivolous. Does he have Plenty of Amusement? No, he has only Loafing and a Circus once a Year. Does he Eat Good Food? No,

he eats Pie for Breakfast, and Saleratus bread, and Very Little Meat, and That is either Boiled or Fried.

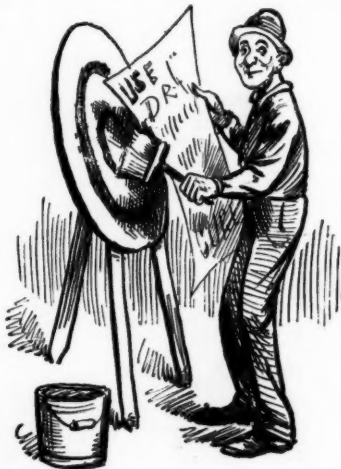
But are not all Country Young Men Stout and Strong and Healthy, and are not all City Young Men Thin and Feeble and Sickly? Oh, no, my child, that is one of the Things you learned in the Nursery, and you must Put it Away with the rest of the Fairy Tales.

THE ENTERPRISING OFFICE-BOY AND THE LEFTNESS.

An Enterprising Office-Boy, seeing a chance to do a stroke of Business on his own personal Hook, stretched the half-hour allotted to his Luncheon into a large, able-bodied Hour, and engaged himself to serve a Dairyman, during the Meridian Rush of Business, without the knowledge of his employer, at the rate of fifteen cents a Day. For a long time he lived Luxuriously on his Ill-Gotten Gains; but it happened finally that the Dairyman was arrested for selling Skim milk. The Office-Boy was sent to the House of Detention as a witness, where he was Incarcerated for three months, thereby losing his Remunerative employment and being ultimately cast on the world a Helpless Waif.

The Moral of this Fable teaches us that when an Office-Boy experiences an Irresistible inclination to waste his employers' Time, he should stick to the time-honored Method of Sitting on a Hydrant and Reading the *Police Gazette*.

A "POINTER" FOR BILL POSTERS.



DON'T PUT BILLS ON ARCHERY TARGETS—



UNLESS YOU WANT SOMETHING LIKE THE ABOVE TO HAPPEN TO YOU.

"MOTHER GOOSE."

"Rhymes With Reason."—Plucked For Older Readers.

Air: "Jack Was Nimble," etc.

High Church was nimble,
High Church was quick,
High Church jumped over a candle-stick.
Only give the Ritualist calf more rope,
And it'll grow up to rival the Bull of the Pope.

Air: "Little Jack Horner," etc.

Little Gould Horner,
Getting stocks in a corner,
Had the biggest share of the pie;
He put in his thumb,
Pulled out a great sum,
And said: "What a cute Jay am I!"

Air: "Old King Cole," etc.

Bob Injuresoul
Was a blasphemous old mole,
And a blasphemous old mole was he;
He called for his Dorsey,
He called for his Brady,
And he called for his five thousand fee.
H. E.

SEXTAIN SQUIBLET.

Unmusical, says William S.,
Are they whom crime and sin possess,
Like treason, stratagem and spoil.
Now, if you would the devil foil—
If "music in your sole" you choose—
Just buy a pair of squeaking shoes.

A private watchman, Stephen Wood,
Did all the watching that he could.
One night a burglar cracked the store
Without disturbing Stephen's snore.
"O. K.," said Wood: "I'm private watch;
'Twould make it public for to catch!"

'Twas good King Boree Bungle Boo
Said to his cook: "Where's my menu?"
I'm cavernously faint: I'll dine.
Produce the bill and bring the wine."
Cook answers: "Sire, the fat menu
Have ordered cooked are in the stew."

Will Mr. Shoemaker explain:
What leather is it known as "grain"?
A quality I never keep,
No merit save in being cheap,
By grangers named, because when worn
It stimulates one's growing corn.

October chills will knock us all—
Old Adam grumbled at the Fall.
Now Shakspeare's fairies curse the luck
As fall the leaves. 'Tis only PUCK
Who, breechless, smiles. His king, a sober 'un,
When comes this month is a-knocked-Oberon.
JOHN ALERO.

IS MR. FOLGER
The kind of a man to be the Republicans'
leading soldier?
Oh, no, Mr. Folger
Is not exactly the kind of a man to reflect
much credit on the Republican party as its
banner-bearer and leading soldier.
You had better hold yer
Shekels, and not bet them on Mr. Folger;
You might bet a hat
Or something of that
Kind,
But mind
You bet not upon Folger, but cling to all your
notes,
For pretty soon will be the time for buying
overcoats.

OUR HIGH AND MIGHTY HOUSEHOLDERS.



THE LANDLADY AS SHE USED TO BE.



THE LANDLADY AS SHE IS NOW.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCXLV.

STATE POLITICS.



Ya-as, although people have aw already been ovah-whelming my wife and me with invitations, I have aw, much against my will aw, been constwained to give a little attention to what is going on around me, and an appwoaching election is occupying considerable pwominence among public topics. I have remarked maw than a myriad times that Amerwican politics have no weal interest faw me, and consequently it is a gweat effort on my part, and it wequires a vast amount of patience to listen even to what my fwriends have to say on the subject.

The evah-wecurwing Amerwican election will soon take place, and the fellow who weceives the majorwity of votes will be the wulah of the state. It appe-ahs, as is usual in such cases, that there are a Liberwal and a Conservative—I mean a Democwatic and a Wepublican—candidate.

The Wepublican fellow is said to be-ah individually a very wespectable charwactah, being Chancellah of the Amerwican Exchequah and having had considerable expewience as a sollicitah and barwistah, and yet, much to my aw surpwise, a large pwoportion of the votahs of his party have expwessed their intention of eithah supporting his wival or of not wecording their votes at all.

Of course I don't see anything stwange in this. Amerwican local politics are feahful and wondahful mystahwies, and unless one has been born he-ah, or has lived in the countwy durwing two or thwee generwations, it is impossible to undahstand anything about them, and I am su-ah I am not going to twy, but will simply state what I he-ah.

The Democwatic candidate is named Gwo-vah Cleveland, and he is, I am infawmed, a mayor or something of the sort in a tolerwably extensive town, but othahwise has nevah had any expewience in govahning; but in this countwy that is no dwawback to a man—it is wathah something in his favah.

The weason of the luke-warm support that the Wepublican candidate is weceiving is that he is the particulah *fwollégé* of the aw Pwesi-

dent and his fwields, and it is not thought pwopah that the Washington Administwation should interfe-ah with the affai-ahs of the Pwovince of New York. It would be just the same aw if the Queen or the Pwince of Wales were to make a personal canvass faw any of their favowites in a Parliamentary election; but they would not dweam of doing anything which would be so *infwa dig*.

Besides, I gathah that the Wepublican candidate, Secwetaryw Folgah, weceived his nomination thwough the forgerwiy of a telegwam—rathah a disweputable piece of business.

So, although I do not pwofess to undahstand the mattah, and do not care a button which party is in powah, I would wathah, faw wespectability's sake, not see the Wepublican fellow returned aw.

UNTIL.



Until I saw her feet, there seemed
A charm about herself that gleamed
With all the prettiness and grace
Which Herrick sung of Julia's face.
Until I saw her feet, her lips
Were as the opal cloud that slips
Adown the sunset sky; her chin
Was pure chalcedony within
A gauzy drift of lace. Until
I saw her feet, her eyes could fill
My misanthropic heart with hope
Of better things than those which grope
Within the cynic's breast and gnaw
The herbage dead. Until I saw
Her feet, I thought that I could kne-al
And worship this new-found ideal
As children fall before a plinth
Betwined with pink and hyacinth.



But now, ah me! life is not sweet—
Since I have seen her feet.

EDWARD WICK.

TO THE IMPROVIDENT.

This is the time of the year at which the average young man commences to lay schemes for the coming Winter. Having arrived from the country, where he worked on a farm all the Summer with an impoverished uncle, while the society papers said he was the guest of some highly respectable statesman with a national reputation, he asks himself many grave, important questions.

Among these we may quote as important the following:

Do I need a new overcoat?

Will that dress-suit stand the wear and tear of another season?

Can I possibly pull through the Winter on those dress-shoes, or shall I have to get a new pair, or will the old pair half-soled fill the bill?

Now, then, how about that opera hat, and some new shirts built for single-barreled studs?

These are some of the questions he asks himself, and fancies them to be the most important ones.

But they are not; he ought to ask himself:

How much will it take to make Ethel a nice Christmas present?

How much will it take to send flowers to the Misses So-and-so on New Year's? etc.

And, if he did think of these things, he would begin to save money before it is too late.

The young man is not half so smart as the small boy at this time of the year, for the latter now joins a Sunday-school and wears a long, doleful face, which is rewarded on the 25th of December by a felt elephant stuffed with sawdust, or a cloth rabbit that no snake with any self-respect would think of swallowing under any circumstances.

But these things are as dear to the small boy as the money for the costly Christmas presents are to the young man.

Therefore the young man ought to save up his ducats, and not forget that Christmas is very near.

All the young ladies who are engaged to be married will approve of these sentiments, and no white man can dispute the beautiful justice of all that they claim to be right and proper.

NO MORE we sit upon the stoop,
Among the honeysuckles,
And look into her melting eyes
And monkey with her knuckles;
Because the Summer's dead and gone
With all its honeysuckles,
And now up on Fifth Avenue
We monkey with her knuckles.

BETWEEN THE STRIKES.

He couldn't go to sleep to save his life. He had been indulging in too much coffee to warm him up early in the evening, and that is what caused him to wake up suddenly after he had been but a short time asleep. He was so wide awake that his eyes wouldn't stay shut, and his mind became active, and he wandered back to many a vanished scene.

But all the memories of a happy childhood didn't fill him with satisfaction. He wanted to go to sleep, and that was all he wanted to do; but he couldn't do it. He tried everything. First he lay on his right side; then he shifted to his left, and finally rolled over on his back, only to conclude that the pillow needed changing.

So he sat up in bed and hammered the pillow to make it more comfortable, and then cracked his head down on it and closed his eyes, and made up his mind he would think of nothing and finally glide off to dreamland. But before he knew it his eyes were wide open again, and with a wild movement he rolled over, and out flew a slat and created a hollow in the bed into which the would-be sleeper tumbled before he knew it. Then he worked over to the other side of the bed, and struck a series of lumps that he never knew of before. After this he sat up and rubbed his eyes and stared into the darkness about him for a few minutes, and then fell back on the pillow and rolled into the hollow superinduced by the abdication of the slat.

By this time dainty vistas of fancy profanity were floating around pretty freely, and the individual who couldn't fall asleep began to wonder the hour. In the daytime, when he didn't want to know the time, the old church clock almost impaired the functions of his aural drums and spoiled his post-prandial naps; but now that he really wanted—and wanted in the worst way—to know the exact hour he couldn't hear it at all. He must have waited for it for three hours—at least he thought so, and he would have bet money on it. But finally it struck:

"One!"

"That's good!" he shouted: "One o'clock! It is only six hours until seven. That's a pretty long wait, but I can stand it."

"Two," continued the clock.

"Why, I have only five hours to wait. I am one hour better off than I thought. We never know how well off we are until we reflect how badly off we might be. When we feel sad because our clothes don't fit, we should think how much better off we are than book-agents and policemen. We should be continually thinking how fortunate we are in not being cripples or car-drivers. Even the murderer is not philosophic enough to know that he is well off, when he reflects that his death will not be a lingering one, and that, although he has but a few days to live, he will out-live many men who are both healthy and wealthy, and dwelling in peace in the bosoms of their families.

"I can't go to sleep, but I am going to be philosophic. I shall just sit here and offer up prayers of thanks that I haven't a wooden leg. Whenever I am down-hearted because I am not making ten thousand dollars a year, I shall go right to a free hospital and see some impecunious man have an arm amputated without an anæsthetic, and that will reconcile me to my circumstances, for our truest happiness may be gauged by the sufferings of others. I know I can't go to sleep, but I'm full of bliss, for I am worlds richer than the man who is snoring with a cancer in his stomach. Men under sentence of death do not grumble half as much in a month as wealthy people on Fifth Avenue grumble every day. Now—"

"Three."

"Three o'clock! Great Scott, this makes me delirious. I have only four hours to wait.

"Presbyterian Church Clock, Esq.—Dear Sir:

"Your favor of two seconds ago just came to ear, for which you will please accept my thanks. Yours faithfully,

"WINKELRIED THOMSON.

"Four hours! Why, that's nothing. That will pass as sweetly as my favorite song o'er the lips of my favorite girl. Why, it will be seven o'clock before I know it, and I'll be down stairs eating mutton chops, and a French pancake with pulverized sugar and lemon juice, and the early birds will be chirping at the window-sill and filling my soul with sweet poetic thoughts—"

"Four."

"Thank you very much, my dear clock; I was very wrong in saying I had four hours to wait when I only have three. It only proves that oftenest our greatest bug-bears are mere phantoms of the imagination. Ah, four o'clock, what magic words to fill my mind with sweet and tender thoughts! Ah, four o'clock, you are a daisy, or a flower would never have been called after you!

"Why should I grumble because I can't sleep? Wouldn't some people give worlds if they could keep awake? Haven't pickets been shot for falling asleep? Of course they have, and here a little while ago I was suffering for what was the picket's death warrant. I ought to be ashamed of myself to growl at a trifle, when I know that I am comparatively rich. Here I have a nice bed to lie awake in, while many a wretch is lying awake on the cold, damp ground. Suppose I was lying on the ground with a lot of gravel working into my shoes, and my mouth full of grass, and nothing to lay my head on but an old white plug hat."

"Five!" chimed the clock.

"Why, I am fairly prostrate with joy. I have only two hours to wait before getting-up time.

IN THE MORNING.



When the first faint breeze of morning
Through the window softly blows,
And a gem of dew's adorning
Every violet and rose;

When the lily on the lakelet
Flutters like a frightened dove,
And the batter for the cakelet
Stands beside the kitchen stove,

And the trees their blossoms sprinkle
On the windlet in the dell,
Then how lovely sounds the tinkle
Of the jolly breakfast-bell.

This reminds me of five o'clock in the afternoon. Ah, lovely hour, when the airy little belles go tripping homeward from the matinée, their bosoms full of song and their dainty bangs fluttering in the breezelet. Ah, may they be as happy on a lovelier Fifth Avenue after the curtain has fallen on their lives!

"Why, I fancy I scent the subtle ylang-ylang of the rural sausage. It must be almost breakfast. I tell you, old man, you have lots to be thankful for, and you ought to invent a human theology and secure a caveat for the patent. I ought to get up and club myself for grumping at insomnia. St. Augustine once rushed out and rolled in the snow, without even a bathing-suit on, for an evil thought which passed through his mind, and I suppose I ought to do the same; but there is no snow, and ice is too expensive for a man with only five thousand a year. Why should I grumble? Haven't I a nice room with three big windows in it? Now, where would I be if I only had three big windows and no room?"

"Six!"

"Do I dream? Have I but one little hour more? Methink the Fates smile upon me. I can fancy I see the first streaks of dawn lacing the severing something or other. Night's lamp-posts are burnt out, and jocund day is informing the policeman that it is time to leave the saloon where he has been sleeping surreptitiously. It was the milkman and not the nightingale, and I guess Romeo had better get up and don the old five-dollar bags, and start for Mantua before the office is open."

"Seven!"

"Did you say seven? Well, I am glad you did. I foolishly closed my shutters, and kept the light out. It is time to get up, and, oh! how glad I am. This is as sweet as the tender revelation of the divine passion by a little bird-eyed darling, when the wind just stirs the honeysuckles and lets the moon peep between on the happy tableau. Oh—"

"Eight!"

"If I don't hurry up I shall be late. How in the world did I oversleep myself? I thought I hadn't done any sleeping at all. But I am so thankful that it is morning. I'll just hurry up; I feel as though I could run ten miles or a Democratic Primary. I—"

"Nine!" broke in the clock.

"Then my breakfast is cold. I'll discharge the servant girl for not calling me. I never can get a satisfactory servant girl. The ones that cook well steal the silver, while those who are strictly honest don't know how to cook. The contrariety of things is what makes our best paradoxes. But why do I growl, when I am happy? Why should I growl for oversleeping myself now, when a little while ago I grumbled because I couldn't sleep at all? I am unreasonable to—"

"Ten!"

And, jumping out of bed, the poor fellow rushed across the room and looked out on the street. It would have been pitch dark were it not for the lamp-posts. No one was out on the street—not even a policeman. Everything was as still as death. A few stars twinkled in the purple vault of heaven, and out upon the holy solitude floated sweet and clear:

"Eleven!"

It was eleven P. M., and the young man went to bed and rolled all over it, and knocked out more slats, and lay wide awake until it was time to arise, at which time he was so sleepy that it was all he could do to tear himself away from his couch. R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

NEW YORK, October 10th, 1882.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

It's a cold day when I'm left.

PUCK gathers in the postage stamps by dimes and dollars; But sells the poet's manuscript for paper collars.

Yours, A. L. TAYLOR.

Answers for the Anxious.

When an article's rejected
It ought to be expected
That its return by PUCK
Is sure to be neglected.

L. V.—Not yet.

S. S. R.—Thanks.

HASELTINE.—She does not approve of the comet.

LILY.—Find a pond to float on. You were born to blush unseen.

LICORICE DROP.—You want to know what paper is best on which to write copy for the press. The heaviest that you can find, dear boy. Cardboard is the best. We sell the paper by the pound.

HOGAN PAZINCQ.—Maybe you think this is funny:

"The crescent in the purple sky
Gleamed like a silver sickle,
While Maud beside the garden gate
Devoured a penny pickle."

You do? Do you, though? We don't.

SUBSCRIPT.—Oh, yes, we'll give you a puzzle department. We have had only about eleven thousand and fifty-nine of you puzzle maniacs after us, and we will give you a puzzle department. That puzzle department is coming along on the next train. But you are not going to run it, Mr. Subscript. Running is your stronghold, we don't doubt; but the next run you take ought to be to the Canada border. And don't you stop there, either. Keep it right up. The North Pole is yet undiscovered.

O. H.—Can the German language be acquired in 20 lessons without a master? Can it? O. H., we should bloom to convulse. It is the easiest thing in the world. When you have once made yourself master of a few phrases like "Zwei Bier," "Hast Du gesehen," "Wie geht's," "Zum Beispiel," and "Donnerwetter," all you have to do is to learn to put your verb in just where your breath gives out, and to construct a sentence like this: "Sagen Sie 'mal, hast Du nach Hoboken gesehen gewesen sein worden gehabt gewesen?"—and you are all right, O. H.

MISS N. L. N.—Like it? Of course we like it. There's nothing in the world that we enjoy so much as hunting through collections of poetry and treasures of thought to find out who wrote the beautiful lines beginning:

"He wiped the tears from my dark blue eyes,
With his own new handkerchief—"

And after a careful search we have discovered that the outburst of genius in question belongs to a man by the name of Hockheimer, who flourished in Jamaica, L. I., about the beginning of the century. When he died, in 1851, they tied him up with telegraph wire, and put a corner-stone on him to keep him down.

MOLLY PHIAH.—Your case is a hard one; but we think we can tackle it. You say that your betrothed husband constantly criticises your personal appearance, especially devoting his leisure time to making disparaging remarks about your teeth. You say, moreover, that you have exhausted your stock of soft answers, and are thinking of trying boot-jacks and sich. Don't do it, Molly. We will come to your aid. We will send you on a few dozen assorted poems from our waste-basket, and you can read them to him and watch a deathly lethargy steal over him, and observe his intellect tottering; and when he is entirely quiescent, you may go for him with a club.

QUESTIONS FOR USE OF THE TARIFF COMMISSIONERS.

Can you give us free passes to —?
Which is the best hotel?
Who has anything to say about import duties?
What is your little game, anyhow?
Can you bring us a box of cigars and a dozen Piper Sec?
Will you bring the wine iced?
What the mischief do you want a reduced tariff for?
Who knows best, you or Congress?
Will you write out your opinion?
Can you get us another pack of cards?
Why can't you let the tariff alone?
What is the name of a nice place for a drive?
How much will you take to be quiet?
Who cares what our expenses are?
Who, beside a few cranks, wants a tariff for revenue only?
Don't you wish you may get it? MANAT.

PUCK AT THE PLAY-HOUSE.



"The Parvenu," at WALLACK'S THEATRE, forms a delightfully placid evening's amusement compared with "Taken from Life." There isn't a murder in it, nor a bowie-knife, nor a pistol, nor an explosion, nor a horse, nor a chee ild, nor a policeman, nor a contested will. Its three acts have but one scene, the principal feature of which is an umbrageous tree that is real-looking enough to have grown in Central Park. Miss Adela Mearns, one of the new importations, may prove a favorite. She acts the part of *Mary Ledger* as if she understood it, and she is pleasant to gaze upon. Mr. William Elton, as *Mr. Joseph Ledger, M. P.*, is altogether too sub-cellular in the way of a parvenu. Mr. Harry Edwards is adequately elevated in tone and style as *Sir Fulke Pettigrew*, and Miss Ella Wilton, as *Gwendolen Pettigrew*, isn't. Effie German indicates thoroughly the vulgar, snobbish and mercenary character of *Lady Pettigrew*.

At the GRAND OPERA HOUSE English opera has been having an inning. We can't say that it was unusually grand—in fact, it did not reflect much credit in the way of grandeur on Mr. Strakosch. Lawrence Barrett is now engaged in doing grand tragedy instead; "The Marble Heart," at the matinee to-day; to-night the new American drama of "Hamlet," and "Richelieu" to-morrow evening. Now let us enter the ponderous and marble jaws of another of Mr. Abbey's theatres—the PARK, and our eyes light upon "Fresh, the American," and his amusing and impossible love tribulations. Mr. John T. Raymond, although he assumes the character of *Fresh*, has all the requisite seasoning of salt in him to give unctio to his performance. Miss Stella Boniface makes an attractive *Erema Almi*, the Egyptian princess.

Our verdict on Messrs. Solomon & Grundy's "Vicar of Bray," at the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, is that it is weak, trivial and commonplace. The composer and author show that they are not destitute of ideas, but don't know how to use them to catch the agile American dollar, and it is quite right to withdraw it in favor of Stephen & Solomon's "Billie Taylor," which will prove more attractive. The Frenchful damozel, Théo, is now making audiences happy at the BIJOU OPERA HOUSE in all the operas, including "la Timbale d'Argent," which show off her peculiar qualities to the best advantage, and are almost, if not equally, as magnetic as "The Blackbird," at HARRIGAN & HART'S THEATRE COMIQUE, which holds its own as a millionaire monopolist does a railroad. People speak in similar terms of HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE, where Mr. Daly's version of "The Passing Regiment" is now being played.

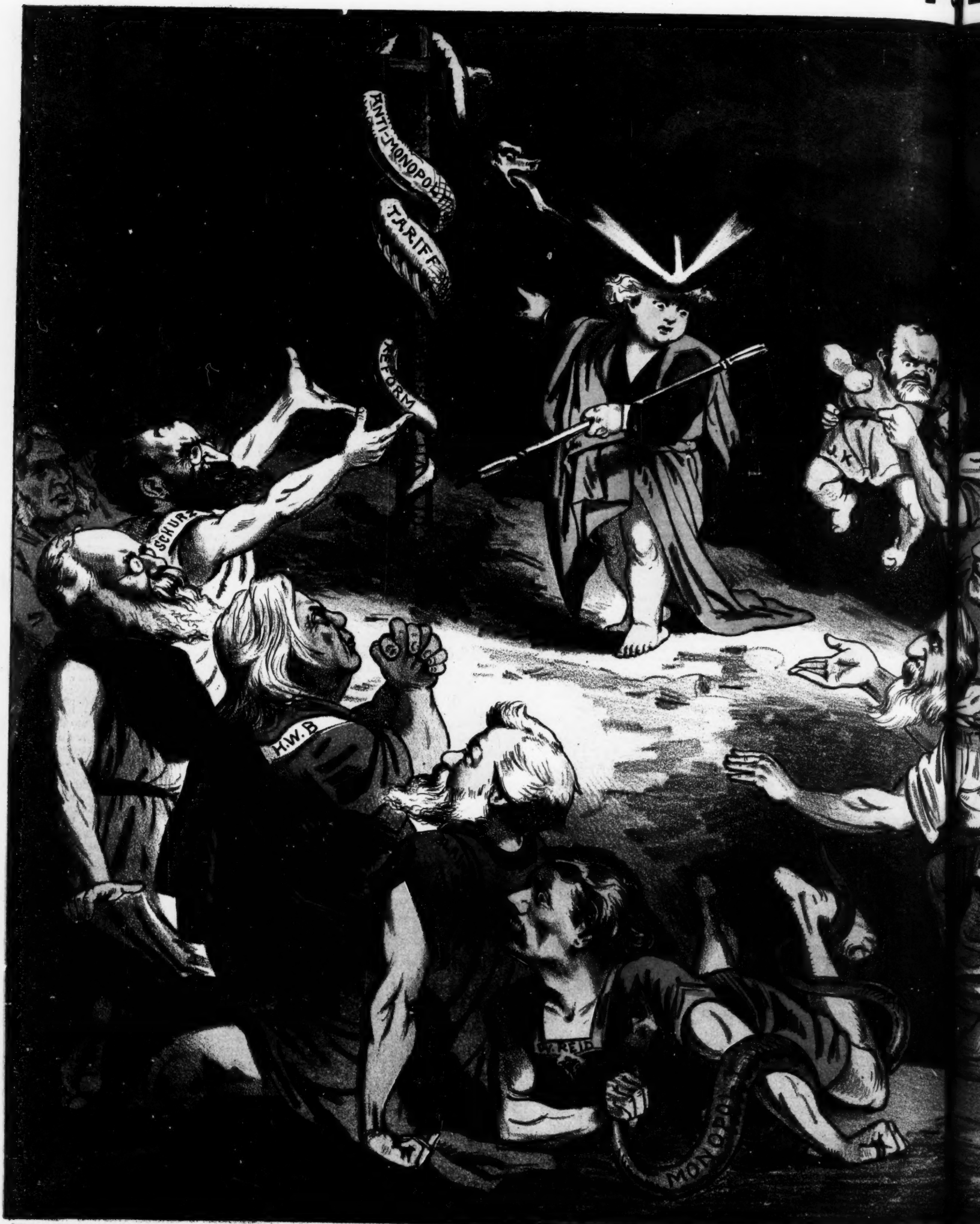
"Young Mrs. Winthrop" will, we suppose, take at least a year's lease of the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE. We shall soon let the universe and Mr. Bronson Howard know the effect that his new drama has had on our faculties, and the reasons thereof. "The Merry War," with a reorganized Norcross company, and a full brass band, and an army of bashful and beautiful maidens, is encamped at HAVERLY'S only New York theatre. "Manteaux Noirs," at the STANDARD, and the comet are having a pretty even race of it; but "Manteaux Noirs" is much the more convenient to see, just as is "The Squire," which was performed for the first time last night at DALY'S. The elephant, Bamboo, accompanies the Kiralfy Brothers' "Around the World in Eighty Days," at NIBLO'S GARDEN, aided by the poetic motion of Mlle. Theodora de Gillert, Mlle. Turri and others; but this does not alter the fact that to study the real black art we must hie us to Birch, Hamilton & Backus's SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS and drink in the beauties of "De Lights o' New York," and enjoy the earthquakes of mirth which are advertised as being always on hand. Our German fellow citizens have not yet got over their excitement at the advent of the Viennese Gallmeyer, who is making them smile at the THALIA THEATRE by the use of her native dialect, and the possession of a sprightly manner in her performance of "Sarah und Bernhardt" and other pieces.

THE DEMOCRATIC GREENBACK CANDIDATE.



AND THE LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE HIS CONSTITUENTS EXPECT FROM HIM.

In case Ben Butler accepts the Democratic nomination his campaign expenses will amount to at least \$100,000.—*Daily Paper.*



OFFICE OF "PUCK" 23 WARREN ST. NEW YORK.

THE BRAZEN SERPENT OF POLITICS
MOSES PUCK TO THE POLITICS



T OF POLITICAL SALVATION.—Numbers XXI. 8.
THE POLIT—Look Up and Be Saved!

MAYER MERKEL & OTTMANN LITH. 23-25 WARREN ST. N.Y.

TO MR. JONES.

Now the little brindled squirrel
Trips along among the sumachs.
Now the cunning little squirrel
Stores away the bitter acorn.
Stores away the bitter acorn
For the Winter, but he doesn't
Get a chance to see the Winter,
With its snow and sleet and plumber.
For the small boy with a shotgun
Knocks the squirrel all to pieces.
And that night the cunning squirrel
Steams and sizzles in a pot-pie. LEM JONES.

Now, Mr. Jones, your "Tale Of a Squirrel" is in print, to make you happy. If there is anything in this world that we like to do, it is to make a poet happy, for, as a general thing, the poet is not happy, and his unhappiness is the true cause of his affectation of sadness. He always pretends he is tired of the world, because it is prosaic, when, in reality, his dislike for the world is owing to the fact that he cannot make money enough to remain in it with any degree of comfort. Then he refuses to enter society because of society's so-called superficiality, when the true reason of his absence from the mazes of the dizzy may be explained by his lack of a dress-suit to make an appearance.

We trust, Mr. Jones, that you are a happy poet—that is, that you have plenty to eat; for you are not a happy poet, considered as a poet, or you would have given us a more interesting poem on the squirrel. The squirrel is a rare poetic rodent, that sits on its hind legs on the hurricane-deck of Ethelberta's new bonnet, and you have said nothing about that. You have said nothing about its domestic habits or its ambitions, and that's where you have practically killed yourself, Mr. Lem Jones, because the squirrel is a subject for children, and should therefore reek with instruction, as you must know if you have ever attempted to attack a magazine for juveniles with a jingle. But then we only publish your squirrel performance to make you happy, and the next time you are so downhearted that all the world seems a blank and a void, send us in something on the rabbit, and we will print it if we have to issue the cartoons as a supplement or crowd them out altogether. Rabbit, habit, Babbitt, jab it, grab it, nab it, stab it, etc. Some of these are Swinburne rhymes, Mr. Lem Jones, but Swinburne is good enough for us, if he is good enough for thee.

Oh, what a particularly bright young man this Mr. Jones must be!

SHADOWY.

I saw a heavy shadow hang
His hat on the hat-tree;
Out came a shadow with a bang
To see if he was *he*;
And then the shadows coalesced,
What for I can't divine,
And then she said: "See how you've
messed
This nice lace tie of mine."
N. C., Altoona.

WHEN DOES a woman say the least? When she is sending a telegram with a fixed market value on each word.

IT ALWAYS makes a young man wild when he discovers all his vests are cut so high that they hide from view his new horse-shoe pin studded with diamonds.

A CHINAMAN HAS written a poem on a grain of rice which cannot be read by the naked eye. What a world of sublime happiness this would be if about two thirds of the poetry were to be written in the same manner!

WHAT GOETH ON AT PRESENT.

And now, behold, the time is at hand for the assembling of the disciples at the halls of learning, and the young students and them that are tackling the binomial theorem, and them that ride a bicycle in the morn and a pony in the afternoon.

And being assembled and met together, they labor much and are outworn with study; their heads are heavy, and the gray matter of their brains has waxed dull with much wrestling with Greek roots. And when night is come, lo, they are fain to refresh themselves; they yearn for the beer-shebang and for the haunts of them that sell beer, yea, even as a horse rejoiceth to run away with a milk-wagon or as a goat hungereth with great hunger after a circus poster.

And, lo and behold, the evening cometh, and they are gathered together in the temple of the Great God Gambrinus, than whom is none greater in the land; and there is John of the Smithites, and Samuel of the tribe of Simms, and William which is of the house of Smith, and Jack of the tribe of the Robinsonites, and others of a like mind and in the same wise studious and pious, holy youths before the faculty.

And they say unto the priest who presideth over the temple, and the same is a right goodly man, and he cometh out of Bavaria, and he turneth over two kegs in an hour, yea, verily, they say unto him: "Go to now, boot thy boy, that he may be brisk and may fill us six steins, even half a score of steins, less

four. And likewise get thou out thy largest slate, and somewhere about a pound and a half of chalk, for we have come for to make a night of it. Selah."

And when the six steins are emptied, lo and behold, they say unto that Bavarian: "Come, now, boot thou thy boy once again, that he bring us yet again six beers, for lo, we thirst

mightily and with a great thirst, even as a thirst for the love of holiness. Therefore enlarge thou thy slate and suspend it, for we thy guests are impecunious. But are not our fathers rich, and can they not afford it? Lo, now, shall we not sock it to them while that we are young?"

And they sock it to them.

And having made merry for the greater part of the night, yea, even until the slate will hold no more, the priest of that temple ariseth and saith unto those young men:

"Lo, now, the night waxeth diminutive, and the day getteth the bulge thereon. Therefore get ye forth of this, as many as are here present, and get ye either homeward or unto Halifax, which are considered as words of the same meaning in the creed."

And they all arise, the most of them arising off the floor, and the same are frescoed with sand and likewise with nicotine in solution.

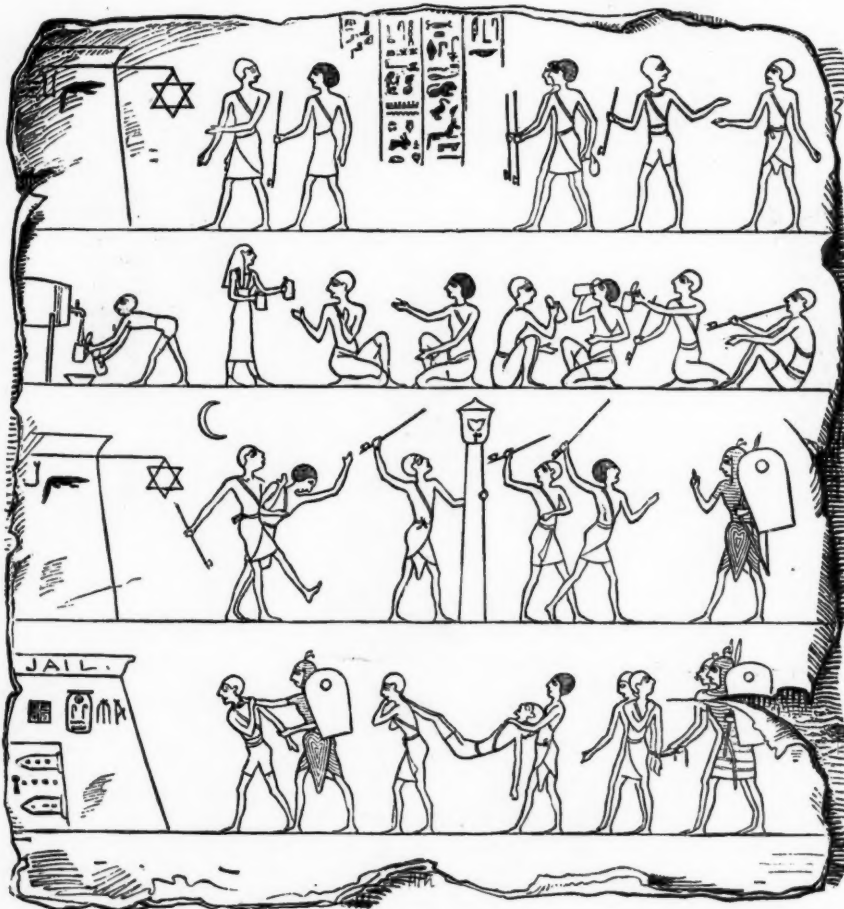
And they get them into the street, and they are exceeding merry, and in testimony thereof do they break the nearest gas-lamp.

And the cop appeareth, even the metropolitan policeman, and he staggeth them, and he getteth on to them, and he taketh them in.

And when the morning cometh, the Justice of the Court doth discourse unto those young men upon the error of their ways, and he fineth them ten trade shekels apiece.

And that evening the Justice suppeth at Delmonico's. Selah.

THE UNDERGRADUATES OF ANTIQUITY.



A BAS-RELIEF EXHUMED AT CAIRO.

THE COMPLETE SCIENCE OF CONUNDRUMS.

To the Editor of Puck—Sir:

This is not a poem; it is a business offer from a practical man, so you had better not deposit it in the waste-basket until you have read it.

Some years ago I was editing *The Wonnawtown Weekly Trumpet* (*Weakly Trumpet*, the rival sheet always misprinted it), when I was led to make a curious discovery. I devoted one column of my paper to "Wit and Humor," intending to stow away in that space the best new jokes, conundrums, puns and witticisms culled from my exchanges. It was, however, to contain only novelties in these lines. I was, therefore, very particular to keep an alphabetical index of all the items published under the head of "Wit and Humor," so that I might be sure to avoid the repetition of any of them in subsequent issues of the *Trumpet*. As soon as the paper was out I would carefully classify the items under general heads, such as Mothers-in-law, Goats, Feet (Chicago), Mosquitos, Spring Poems, Hash, Mules, Stove Pipes (putting up), etc. Each general head was subdivided into special heads, and the items, on separate slips, were arranged in alphabetical order under the special heads. A single glance at my card index would tell me whether a given item had ever before gained admission to the "Wit and Humor" column. If it had, it was never to be allowed to enter it again.

As I was a beginner in the business I was very conscientious in the performance of my duty, and I was soon at a loss to know where to find new items, for I discovered that there were in reality only four hundred and fifty to five hundred items in existence, including puns, conundrums, witticisms, repartees and anecdotes of celebrated men. These items I found were occasionally dressed over, a word put in here, a word struck out there, a proper name changed as occasion required, and were sometimes so cleverly manipulated that to a superficial observer they might very well appear new and original.

"Well," thought I: "if I cannot find what I want in the columns of my exchanges, I shall have to manufacture wit and humor in the office."

Thereupon I set to work to make a column of new jokes for the next issue of the *Trumpet*. I spent three days at it—three days of inexpressible agony. At the end of that time I had concocted two items, chewed up seven penholders and three pencils, spoilt half a ream of paper, and thrown the inkstand thirteen times at the head of the foreman of the composing room who was clamoring for copy. I had not time for more that week, as I was obliged to attend to the other departments of the paper.

My items created a sensation in journalistic circles. They were copied far and wide. For six months I followed them in their career and watched their development and growth with paternal solicitude. Then I lost sight of them.

Some two years later, as I was looking over the columns of my own paper, my eye was arrested by a paragraph in the "Wit and Humor" column. It was one of the newest items that had ever been in there, and was credited to an Australian exchange. One of my two items had come home again in a new suit of clothes, and I had myself credited it to my antipodean contemporary.

This incident left me thoughtful.

Why was it that there were no new jokes? I determined to spend all my spare time in studying the art of constructing "Wit and Humor"

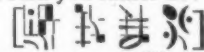
items, and I began my researches on the conundrums.

The origin of conundrums is lost in the mist of ages. I believe every nation in turn has claimed the honor of discovering them, and has adduced proof in support of its claim; but, after spending three years in careful investigation, I have come to the conclusion that the Chinese are entitled to the cake; for, either the conundrum originated with them, or else they have told the best lie about it. In either case they deserve the palm.

The first mention I find of the conundrum is in the works of the philosopher, Gin Sling, who flourished in the dynasty of Sham Pooh

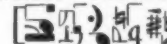
—(5817—4923 B.C.) He relates that on one occasion the Emperor was walking in his garden, when he discovered a sneak-thief in the act of robbing the Imperial hen-roost. With undaunted courage His Celestial Majesty seized the intruder by the cue, and exclaimed, as he belabored him with a bean pole:

"Which would you rather do:



or rob my hen-roost again?"

The wretch dropped on his knees and answered: "Because there's a *b* in *pole*!"

 = probably bean pole. D.T.]

"Very well, I'll excuse (你饶了我) you this time," said the Emperor, with a grim smile, as he whipped out his sabre and severed the pig-tail of the unfortunate sneak-thief.

That the manufacture of conundrums is a lost art cannot be denied. So true is this that in some cases where the original answer to a conundrum has been lost, it has been found impossible to replace it. As an instance in point I would cite the following, which you may possibly have heard:

"Why is an elephant like a wheelbarrow?"

The answer which is usually given as belonging to this conundrum is: "Because it can't climb a tree." This is evidently absurd. Any one who knows anything about the wheelbarrow knows that its agility is unlimited. If you were ever tangled up with a wheelbarrow, you know as well as I do that if it does not climb trees it is only because the inducements are not sufficient.

This answer, therefore, must originally have belonged to some other conundrum. In Gin Sling's book the elephant and wheelbarrow conundrum is attributed to a German professor at the University of Peking, and the correct answer is said to be: "Because they both carry drunks." (It may be necessary to explain that the Peking police used to patrol the streets of the city between twelve and two o'clock every night with wheelbarrows in which they took home belated politicians. D.T.)

In modern times we imagine that conundrums are made to be given up, and that some conundrums are born without answers. This, however, was not originally the case. Theoretically, every conundrum has an answer, and every answer has a conundrum. The answers are not always apparent to the vulgar multitude, but to a mind versed in the science of the conundrum they are always plain. I remember once hearing a would-be wit ask:

"Why is a ferryboat like a horse without a tail?"

One by one his hearers gave it up.

"Well, what is the answer?" they asked.

"There is no answer," laughed the pseudo wit.

This was too much. I sprang to my feet and gave him the lie. After he had considerably damaged my nose, blacked both my eyes, and knocked six of my front teeth down my throat, I explained that the answer to his conundrum was:

"Because it ought to be re-tailed."

It requires a certain degree of intelligence to understand this answer, so perhaps I had better explain it to you as I did to him:

A ferryboat has no sails.

Consequently a ferryboat has not a whole sail.

A ferryboat, therefore, cannot be wholesaled. Then, of course, it ought to be re-tailed. Q.E.D.

This is as plain as the nose on a rabbi's face, when you look at it in the right light.

I have found that there are two ways of constructing conundrums. The most scientific and

THE LATEST INVENTION.

PUCK'S PATENT COMBINATION OFFICE CHAIR AND BORE-DESTROYER.



By Pressing with Your Foot on the Secret Spring—



The Chair Collapses, Crushing the Bore—



Who May Then be Put Into the Ash-barrel With the Rest of the Rubbish.

also the most difficult way is to take any question and then find the answer to it.

Example:

Why is a London stage like the kiss of a child who has been eating coarse Indian corn-meal?

Ans. Because it is a hominy bus.

A far easier way, however, is to make sure of your answer first, and afterward discover the question to it.

Examples:

1. One wags a tail and the other tags a whale.

2. One is a bug bear and the other a bare bug.

The questions to the above may be varied *ad libitum*. For instance, we may ask:

1. What is the difference between a dog who meets a friend on the street and a boy who fastens a tin kettle to the caudal extension of a mammal of the family *balenidae*?

(This question is very ingenious, you will observe. D. T.)

2. What is the difference between Spring poetry to the mind of an editor and an insect without any clothes on?

And now for the business part of my letter, Mr. Editor, for you need not think I have been writing all this for fun. I am prepared to furnish conundrums, warranted original, at the following prices:

Question and answer complete, prime, selected,	per doz. 40c. @ 50c.
Question and answer complete, medium to good,	per doz. 30c. @ 40c.
Question and answer complete, bad to medium,	per doz. 10c. @ 20c.
Question and answer complete, bad to worse,	per doz. 2c. @ 5c.

For answers or questions alone, deduct 60% on above prices.

Discount of 10% on orders of ten gross and upward, and 2% additional for cash.

I have also on hand a fair line of second-hand conundrums warranted as good as new. Send for catalogue and price list.

N. B. Special newspaper rates.

Hoping to be favored with your orders, I am,

Yours respectfully,

DIAGENES TUBB.

"You do not shine very brilliantly in the rôle of a prophet, Mr. Fogg," said Parson Jones: "I thought Mr. Crapo was going to get the nomination."

"Now, look here, Mr. Jones," replied Fogg: "it's all very well for you to talk. I confine my predictions to this world and you to the next. When you make a slip-up, nobody this side the graveyard knows anything about it; but just try your hand on mundane politics and you'll see the difference."—*Boston Transcript*.

"FOR heaven's sake give that man a nut-cracker," said a lady at an Austin hotel to a waiter, pointing to a gentleman from Dallas, who was cracking nuts with his teeth.

"I don't want it; these nuts are so hard I'm afraid I might break it," replied the man from Dallas, crunching another large nut between his teeth.—*Texas Siftings*.

WHEN you see a pale, freckled, half-fed looking man ambling along the street, with his coat collar turned up, his hat pulled down on his nose, his boot-heels run over so far that half the time he is walking on his ankles, it is safe to

AN ADVANCE IN ART.



FRIEND:—"MADDER, WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOUR NOSE?"
MADDER:—"THE ONLY CHANCE FOR AN ARTIST NOW IS TO PAINT QUICKLY AND CHEAP. I WORK WITH BOTH HANDS AND BLEND WITH MY NOSE."

wager that he is an erotic poet, who thinks that he is neglected by a cold world because he can't sell his verses, but has to stick to the position of assistant purser in a butcher's shop, at a weekly salary of eight dollars.—*Drake's Travelers' Magazine*.

MY PHOTOGRAPHS.

Here's number one:

A sweet child's face, tanned brown by wind and sun;
Unruly curls, and eyes that flash with fun;
My first love-dream, the "sweetheart" of my youth—
Ah, how I worshiped little winsome Ruth!
Girls grow so fast! I am my father's son,
And step-son of my "number one."

And number two:

Oh, how we loved and swore by all things blue—
Blue eyes, blue skies—forever to be true!
And did all other foolish things and sweet
Which lovers do—too sacred to repeat.
All that is past: a gentle moneyed Jew
Is owner now of "number two."

And number three:

A vanished Summer-time comes back to me;
A country lane and wood and trysting-tree.
Fair Jenny Lee, that sunny Summer-time
Was one swift spell of sensuous, sumptuous rhyme.
She's known to fame as "Jane Minerva Lee
On Woman's Rights"—"my number three."

And number four:

Ah! let me look upon this face once more—
The royal, loyal face of "Reine Lenore."
A regal Reine, the loveliest of all queens,
We both were mad when we were in our teens!
She's really huge, and happy with Le Gore;
And twins three sets—has "number four."

And number five:

Soft lines and shadings, which at once revive
Dear memories of angel Annie Clive.
Too frail for earth, too pure for mortal love,
Death took her to the better life above.
She ate too many pickles well to thrive,
And so she left me—"number five."

Last, number six:

These piercing eyes my wandering mind transfix,
And bring me down to thoughts of Ellen Dix.
Ah! Ellen Dix, our youthful dreams are o'er,
The "ship" is wrecked upon a rocky shore.
For know ye that I married Ellen Dix—
Alas for me and "number six."

—Harrison Robertson, in *Unknown Ex.*

A BOY is never so happy as when the family is moving and he walks through the streets to the new house wearing a table on his head.—*Texas Siftings*.

THIS is the season of the year when near-sighted individuals at evening parties walk off with a new high hat in mistake for their own straw.—*Phila. News*.

WE are an old traveler for our age, and rarely find ourselves surprised at anything; but the other day our nerves received a shock from which they have scarcely yet recovered. We found a railway sandwich that our teeth went through on the first application of power.—*Lowell Citizen*.

If a boy wants to throw stones at a poor little squirrel, let him do it. Don't interfere and tell him that he's a cruel, inhuman wretch. There is, probably, no occupation in which a boy could engage that would be more harmless, even to the squirrel, unless the boy throws stones more accurately than any boy we ever saw.—*Boston Post*.

THE *Philadelphia News* learns that when an immigrant from Ireland arrives in New York, and expresses a desire to become an alderman or mayor of the city, he is advised to "go

right up to the *Herald* office and advertise for a position as bar-tender." An immigrant tried that plan the other day and it didn't work. As soon as his brogue was detected, and it was learned that his name was O'Mulligan, he was given an editorial position on the *Herald*.—*Norristown Herald*.

"DON'T swear so, John. What if you should be struck dead with such horrid oaths on your lips!" said his wife, soothingly.

"Swear so? Jimminy crickets, by all that's great I'm not swearing; but I am going to express my opinion of this confounded, nine-cornered bazoo of a blamed rickety infernal bit of stove-pipe—"

Exit the wife with her hands over her ears.—*Boston Globe*.

KEEP your heaviest arguments in reserve. The hind wheels of a wagon are always the largest.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

CASTORIA.
Stomachs will sour and milk will curdle
In spite of doctors and the cradle;
Thus it was that our pet Victoria
Made home howl until sweet CASTORIA
Cured her pains;—Then for peaceful slumber
All said our prayers and slept like thunder.

There is no need of personal disfigurement of the skin while Swayne's Ointment can be had at any drug store.

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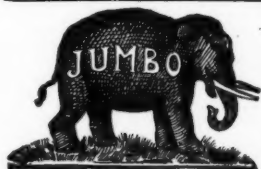
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THE thing that is always done up brown—
The shirt that is ironed at home.

PAPER car wheels have been invented, and a
mechanic thinks that paper tracks would be
hard enough if made of the notes some people
send in requesting passes.

THE only crown jewels that a country editor
will ever wear will be the beads of perspiration,
which adorn his classic brow when he gets
through wrestling with the hand-press after work-
ing off his whole edition.—*Drake's Traveler's
Magazine.*

DR. HALL says that taking a walk before
breakfast has put more people into their coffins
than the ailments they were seeking to get rid
of. The attention of tramps is particularly
called to this statement.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE Democratic candidate for Governor of
New York is a bachelor. Just as soon as the
Stalwarts can prove that he sews on his own
shirt-buttons, the cry will be raised that he is a
free trader.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

All your own fault if you remain sick or out of health when you
can get Hop Bitters. No disease or ill health can possibly long
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vives the drooping spirits, gives elasticity and
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THE BEST THE DECKER WATCH CASE

THERE will be a big falling off in the Demo-
cratic vote in Colorado this Fall through an
unlooked-for cause. A large number of the
Colorado Democrats who cannot read, think
that Mr. Grant, the nominee for Governor, is
old Ulysses Grant, the hero of war and peace.
If the Democrats would learn to read and then
publish some newspapers that would convey
ideas, and then if people would believe what
they saw in the Democratic papers, there would
open up for the Democracy a future with here
and there a ray of sunlight in it.

THEY have successfully set a boy's broken
neck in Connecticut, and now it looks as
though the only way to kill a man is to take
him about 200 miles from any physician and
run him through a Hoe Perfecting Press. If
this thing continues they will some day put
some electricity into Pharaoh's daughter and
engage her as a ballet-dancer, along with other
tender pullets of her own age.

THE published portraits of the Duke of Con-
naught convey the idea that just before the
photograph was taken the Duke stuck his head
in the rain-water barrel and then pasted his
hair down over his forehead with a flat-iron
and a quart of bandoline.—*Laramie Boomerang.*

ROSSITER JOHNSON is editing a series of "The
Minor Wars of the United States." The War
of 1812 has appeared, and we suppose the rail-
road wars, piano war, the baking-powder war
and other minor wars will follow in their proper
order.—*Norristown Herald.*

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free from flies, mosquitos, rats and mice, the
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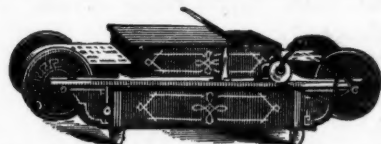
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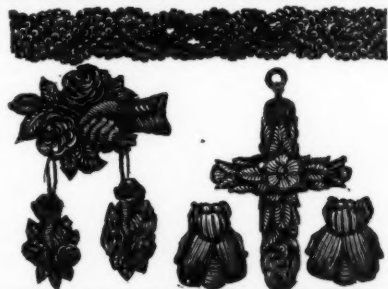
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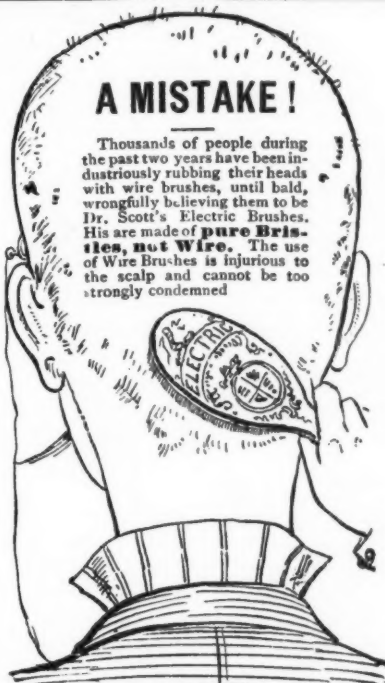
"Hold up your hands!" yelled the Western outlaw, as he boarded a palace car and showed his pistols.

"Are you a road agent?" asked a frightened passenger.

"Yes."

"Thank heaven, I feared you were another porter."—*Philadelphia News.*

A New Haven minister of the gospel told one of his deacons that he was constantly hearing a loud sound which kept him awake nights. Since using Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills his hearing has become normal, and his nerves are steady and true.



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Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brush has absolutely cured my wife of neuralgia, from which she was a great sufferer for years.
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